THE

Young *Plowman's* Garland

Beautify'd with ſeveral excellent

New Songs.

A new Song on the Plowman's Praiſe.
The Country-Laſs's Wiſh.
The Anſwer to the Country Laſs.

Enter'd according to Order

THE

Young *Plowman's* Garland

A new Song on the Plowman's Praise.

IT was early in the Morning,
As I the Groves past by,
I heard a youthful Lady,
In Sorrow for to cry,
O that I could find,
A Way for to reveal,
And let him know the Sorrow,
And Pain that I do feel.

O *Cupid* let him know,
The Sorrow that I bear,
I ne'er thought my Heart would yield,
That I must love so dear,
She said I have been courted,
By Men of high Degree,
They thought themselves full happy,
Within my Company.

But I did slight these Noblemen,
That loved me so dear,

And for my Scorn, young *Cupid*,
Has brought me in a Snare,
It is with my Father's Plowman,
He has my Heart confin'd,
O *Cupid* ſmite him quickly,
That he may prove more kind.

As in the Grove ſhe ſat,
Lamenting of her Pain.
Young *Roger* the Plowman,
Came ſinging o'er the Plain,
As ſoon as ſhe beheld him,
Her Heart was all one Flame,
But *Roger* he went ſinging on,
He knew not her Pain.

Then ſmiting on her tender Breaſt,
She cry'd I am bereft,
O *Cupid* thou art moſt unkind,
My Reſt for to invade,
O gentle G—ds of Love,
Direct me the right Way,
For it is in your Power,
To kill or cure me.

Send down thy golden Dart,
And touch his ſtubborn Heart,
That he may know the Power,
Of Love's tormenting Smart,

She said I am resolved,
To go and court my Dear,
It is the only proper time,
Because it is *Leap-year.*

Then meeting of young *Roger,*
Just coming from the Plow,
She said good Morrow *Roger,*
Pray what's the Matter now,
That you neglect your Duty,
The Reason let me hear,
I know a youthful Lady,
That says she Love's you dear,

And if you do refuse,
For to make her your Bride,
This Rapier I have brought,
Her Quarrel to decide:
Young *Roger* with a Smile,
He made her this Reply,
The Lady she is welcome,
Her Love I'll not deny.

Pray were's the youthful Lady,
That I her Face may see,
The Lady she answered,
Dear *Roger* it is me;
The Marriage it was ordered,
To [illegible] on the next Day,

And now the jolly Plowman,
Enjoys the Lady gay.

The Country Laſs's Wiſh.

To a new Tune.

WHAT tho' they call me Country-Laſs
I read it plainly in my Glaſs,
That for a Dutcheſs I might paſs,
Oh could I ſee the Day;
Would Fortune but attend my Call,
At Park, at Play, at Ring, at Ball,
I'd brave the proudeſt of 'em all,
With a, *Stand by, clear the Way.*

Surrounded by a Cround of Beaux,
With ſmart Tippets, and powder'd Cloaths,
At Rivals I'll turn up my Noſe,
Oh could I ſee the Day;
I'll dart ſuch Glances from theſe Eyes,
Shall make ſome Nobleman my Prize;
Oh then, Oh! how I'll tyrannize,
With a, *Stand by, clear the Way.*

Oh!

Oh! then for Grandure and Delight,
For Equipage, for Diamonds bright,
And Flambeaux, that out-ſhine the Night,
O'r! could I ſee the Day;
Thus ever eaſy, ever Gay,
Quadrille ſhall wear the Night away,
And Pleaſure crown the growing Day,
With a, *Stand by, clear the Way.*

Thus in a Circle of ſweet Bliſs,
All Day I'll rove, all Night I'll kiſs,
But Lords alone ſhall taſte of this,
When I ſhall bear the Sway;
Of Love and Joy, I'll take my Fill,
The tedious Hours of Life to kill,
In every Thing I'd have my Will,
With a, *Stand by, clear the Way.*

When I with Pleaſure ſhall be Crown'd,
My Joys ſhall more and more abound,
And flowing Glaſſes ſhall go round,
Oh! could I ſee the Day,
If my Deſire ſhould come to paſs,
It would pleaſe a harmleſs Country-Laſs,
To tumble and ſport upon the Graſs,
With a, *Stand by, clear the Way.*

The

The Answer to the Country Lasses Wish.

OH! Charming *Molly*, fair and bright,
Whose foolish Heart longs for Delight,
Of Love and Joy, to kiss all Night,
Forbear to love a Man,
After Love-songs to you they've sung,
They will delude you with their Tongue,
So pray forbear for you're too young,
Oh they will your Heart trapan.

When young Men with deluding Wiles,
Your Heart unto fond Love beguiles,
You'r then familiar, and with Smiles,
You treat the simpering Man,
Fair Maid, if you do not prove coy,
In Kisses sweet they'll with you toy,
Till they have gained all the Joy,
Then they will your Heart trapan.

Young *Cupid* at the Swain's Request,
Who then complains with Grief oppress,
He'll wound your Heart, you'll find no rest,
'Till you do love a Man,

They

ney will your Heart with Grief enthrall
Then farewel Joy and Pleasure all,
If you will be at young Mens Call,
Then they will your Hearts trapan.

So what is Joy and Pleasure when
You are deluded by the Men,
Your Company they'll soon disdain,
Forbear to love a Man:
So love-sick Maid I pray give o'er,
Their Kindness farther to implore,
And for them grieve and sigh no more,
For they will your Heart trapan.

Young Virgins all I pray take Care,
Least young Men draw you in a Snare,
They will deceive you I declare,
Forbear to love a Man;
Before you keep you Maidenhead,
Till young Girls that you are wed,
And then you need not be afraid,
That they your Hearts trapan.

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